

SUMMER AND WINTER.

BY EMMA CARLETON.

Life knows no Summer when the heart is light;
Thou' skies are gray and dull, the waning year;
Midcloud and gloom the world is fair and bright;
For all is Summer when one smile is here.

Life knows no Summer when the heart is sad,
Thou' skies are blue and fields with verdure
grown;
Can song or blossom make the world seem glad?
Ah, no; 'tis Winter when one smile is flown.

MARRY ME, DARLING, TO-NIGHT.

Me darlin', it's axin' thee
That I go to the altar with thee,
An' come back with an angel's
An' a sabbat' hung on to a hill.

They offer promotion to those
Who die in defense of the right.
I'll be off in the morning, suppose
Ye marry me, darlin', to-night!

There's nothin' so raises a man
In the eyes of the world as to fall
Fervent, he could flag, in the van,
Pierced through mid a bit of a ball.

An' whin I am kilt ye can wear
Some elegant cravat on your bonnet,
Just think how the women will share
With invy whinver ye do it!

O wad a proud widdy ye'll be
Whin they bring me carriages home—not to mention
The fact we can live (don't ye see)
All the rest of our lives in the Century.

—W. W. Fink in the Century.

THE LITTLE MAIDS' AMEN.

A rustle of robes as the anthem
Sounded gently away on the air—
The fair-haired morn's service was over,
And briskly I stepped down the stair;
When, close in a half-dimmed corner,
Where the tall pulpit's stairway came down,
A sleep-crouched tender, well maiden,
With hair like a shadowy crown.

Quite puzzled was I by the vision,
But gazed to wake her I spoke,
When, at the first word, the small damsel
With one little gasp straight awoke,
"What brought you here, fair little angel?
She answered with voice like a bell,
"I'm, too, I've done a sick man's errand,
And want 'ou to please pray her well!"

"Who told you?" began I, she stopped me;
"Don't, nobody told me at all,
And papa can't see his cry: a
And, 'sides, sir, he's so small!
I've been here a fortnight, my mamma,
We tummed when your lingo the bell,
And ev'ry time I heard you prayin'
For lots o' sick folks to die well!"

Together we knelt on the stairway
As hushly I said the Giver
To give back her heart to the mother,
And banish bereavement's dark hour;
I dashed the pale light before me,
And passed for a moment, and then
A sweet lit'le voice at my elbow
Lisp'd softly a gentle "Amen!"

Hand in hand we turned our steps homeward;
The little maid's tongue knew no rest,
She prattled and mimicked and cooed—
The shadow was gone from her breast;
And lo! when we reached the fair dwelling—
The nest of ray and rosy bloom,
We found that the dear lady loved mother
Was past the dread crisis and safe!

They listened amazed at my story,
And wept o'er their darling's strange quest,
While the arms of the pale light before me,
Drew the brave little hand to her breast;
With eyes that were brimming and grateful
They thanked me and thanked me,
Yet I knew in my heart that the blessing
Was won by that gentle "amen."

Spring-Heeled Jack.

It is now nearly half a century since the inhabitants of London and its suburbs were kept in a constant state of terror by a man, who, under various disguises, would suddenly appear before the unsuspecting pedestrian, and, after having nearly frightened the traveler out of his or her senses, would suddenly disappear with terrible bounds, leaving the impression upon his affrighted victim that his Satanic Majesty had condescended to pay him a visit in person. Evening was the time generally chosen by this eccentric character for his exploits, and, doubtless, there are many who can recollect the pang of fear which shot through their hearts when, leaping from some dark corner, out of a doorway, or over a hedge, he stood before them.

Who this singular being was, or what the true object of his escapades, can only be left to conjecture, as he was never captured; certain it is, that robbery was not the motive, for he was never known to take a single coin from his victims, even when fright had rendered them an easy prey, nor did he often practice any other degree of cruelty beyond scaring them, which, however, was quite sufficient, as in some instances the sufferers never thoroughly recovered the shock to their nerves.

The only surmise to his identity that was ever hazarded was that he was the Marquis of Waterford—then famous as a ringleader in all that savored of fun and frolic, but not a shadow of proof could be ever adduced in support of this theory. The more general belief appears to have been that there were several persons concerned in the affair; that they were members of high families, and that the cause of their pranks was a bet of £3,000 that they would procure the death of not less than thirty human beings, apportioning them with nice discrimination as follows: Eight old bachelors; ten old maids and six ladies' maids, and as many servant girls as they could, trusting that by depriving them of their reason, they would accelerate their deaths. This is, of course, incredible, but the chief clerk of the Mansion House Police Court, in a letter to the newspapers, said it was so reported to a committee that was formed by the Lord Mayor for the purpose of tracking and prosecuting the scoundrels.

It is difficult to assign the exact locality which gave birth to this extraordinary freak, either side of the Thames claiming the distinction, some availing that it was at Hammersmith, others again that it was Barnes. The most trustworthy account gives the palm to the latter village.

It was the latter end of 1837, at Barnes, that the ghost made its appearance in the shape of a large white bull, attacking many persons, more particularly women, many of whom suffered most severely from the fright. At East Sheen, in the form of a white bear, the alleged spirit carried on similar gambols. His ghostly appearance then extended his operations to the town renowned for "maids of honor," and in the course of a few days all Richmond was agitated at the tales of women being frightened to death and of children being torn to pieces by him. The search after the unearthly visitant was here becoming too warm for him, and he shifted the scene of his labors to Ham, Kingston and Hampton, at which latter place he was seen, clad in armor of brass, with spring shoes and large claw-like gloves, but being hotly pursued he scaled the walls of Bushey Park and vanished. Teddington, Twickenham and Hounslow, all had stories to tell of his appearance, and in Sion Park, the seat of the Duke of Northumberland, many and fearful were the injuries said to have been inflicted by him. At Isleworth a

carpenter was seized at 11 o'clock at night and most unmercifully beaten by the ghost, who was attired in polished steel armor, with red shoes, etc. It must be noted that all the preceding varied wardrobe this spirit must have had, rendering it very difficult, one would think, for him to move, with such extensive properties, with alacrity from place to place.

The neighborhood of Uxbridge was the next scene of his pranks, and he approached the metropolis through Hanwell, Brentford and Ealing, in which last place he was seen in steel armor, striking terror into the inmates of the various schools located there, and frightening the blacksmith of the village so completely as to force him to keep his bed in consequence of the shock he sustained. At Hammersmith he found a determined opponent in the shape of a valiant laundress, to whom he appeared in the form of an immense baboon, six feet high, with enormous eyes, and arms of an extensive length, and in strict keeping with his animal appearance, he grunted like an hyena. This courageous woman, after an ineffectual attempt to avoid her uncanny visitor, determined to give him battle, and flew at him with such fury that he was glad to give up the contest. Even the royal precincts of Kensington Palace did not escape from his visits, children having seen the unearthly being dancing by moonlight on the Palace Green, and ever and anon scaling the walls of the royal forcing house.

In consequence of the panic attending these exaggerated stories, the police had strict orders to investigate their truth, but were unable, in the majority of cases, to trace any person who had really seen the apparition. That there was mischief afoot, however, was clearly shown by the applications at the Mansion House and other Police Courts for protection.

At Peckham he caused the greatest alarm (judging by a letter to the Lord Mayor from a resident there), appearing in a new character, as a spectre, and scaring out of her senses, amongst others, and unfortunate servant girl who opened a door to him; and the writer also said that seven ladies had been reduced to the same unhappy state through fright at the awful apparition. Letters poured into the Mansion House from all parts of London, showing how universal was the terror which had been inspired by this mysterious miscreant. Several persons, more especially women, were injured boldly in many instances by the claws with which he appears to have armed his hands, and if one writer may be believed, several deaths on the South side of London had been caused by the shock his appearance had given. A letter from St. John's Wood stated that for a whole fortnight that neighborhood had been in a fever, and Spring-heeled Jack's attentions; he sometimes appearing as a bear, and sometimes clad in mail. This correspondent asserted that the bet, which was supposed to be the cause of these pranks, was that the monster should kill six women in some given time.

That his appearance was calculated to upset even the stoutest-hearted must be admitted, for the Lord Mayor himself though much inclined to be skeptical, acknowledged that he had been given to understand on non-official authority that in the vicinity of Forest Hill, where he resided, one of the female servants of a gentleman who lived near his house had been terrified into fits by the sudden appearance of a figure clad in a bear's skin, which, upon being drawn aside, exhibited the human body, with long horns—emblematical of Satan himself—clad in a suit of mail.

The "ghost" did not disdain to avail himself of material means of conveyance occasionally as shown by a letter to the *Morning Herald*, January 16, 1838, from "A Resident of Paddington Green," who stated that he had seen, close to his house, a figure clad in white, closely pursued by two men, and after a smart chase this matter-of-fact apparition jumped into a cabriolet and was driven out of the reach of his would-be captors.

A committee was formed at the Mansion House in January, 1838, for the purpose of receiving subscriptions, and to decide upon the best means of capturing this uneasy spirit, and of visiting it with the punishment which it so richly deserved. In sending a donation of £5 to the fund a gentleman residing at Dulwich wrote that his daughter was being nearly deprived of her senses by the sudden appearance of a figure enveloped in a white sheet and blue fire, which had met her on her return from a friend's house. Others equally testified to injuries received at the hands of the hobgoblin. A reward was offered for the apprehension of the heartless scoundrel, but unhappily it completely failed in its object, and the perpetrator of this ghastly "joke" continued to be at large.

Thinking, perhaps, that he had done as much harm as he desired in the other parts of London, for a whole month Spring-heeled Jack devoted himself to disturbing the peace of mind of the dwellers in the East End of the metropolis, the neighborhood of Bow being particularly patronized by him. One gross outrage came before the Police Magistrate at Lambeth street, and caused considerable attention.

A young lady named Alsop, living with her parents in the vicinity of Bow, stated that at about 8:45 o'clock on the evening of February 21, 1838, she heard a violent ringing at the front gate of the house, and on going to the door to see the cause, she saw a man standing on the outside, of whom she inquired what was the matter. The person instantly replied that he was a policeman, and said: "For God's sake bring me a light, for we have caught Spring-heeled Jack in the lane." She returned into the house and brought a candle and handed it to the man, who was enveloped in a large cloak. The instant she had done so, however, he threw off his outer garment, and applying the lighted candle to his breast, presented a most hideous and frightful appearance, and vomited forth a quantity of blue and white flame from his mouth, his eyes resembling red balls of fire. From the hasty glance her fright enabled her to get at his person, she observed that he wore a large helmet, and his dress, which appeared to fit him very tight, seemed to her to resemble white oil skin. Without uttering a sentence he darted at her, and catching her partly by her dress and the back part of her neck, placed her head under one of his arms, and commenced tearing her clothes with his claws, which she was certain were made of some metallic substance. She screamed out as loud as she could for assistance, and by considerable exertion got away from him and ran toward the house to get in. Her assailant, however, followed, and caught her on the

doorsteps where he again used considerable violence, tore her neck and arms with his claws, as well as a quantity of hair from her head; but she was at length released from him by one of her sisters. Her story was fully corroborated by her parents and sisters, and her injuries, which were very considerable, bore unmistakable testimony to the truth of the assault. Subsequently in Bow Fair Fields Jack narrowly escaped capture by some workmen, and it was only by his extreme agility and intimate knowledge of the locality that he got clear off. Two men were arrested as being concerned in the affair—one a carpenter, and the other a carpenter—but after a very long and searching investigation at Lambeth Street Police Court they were discharged, as they were not fully identified as being the actual perpetrators, though it was certain they knew more about the matter than they chose to acknowledge.

Another sample of the ghost's playful ways in the East end of London, was shown by a statement made before the magistrate at the Lambeth street police court, March 8, 1838, by a Mrs. Scallan, who deposed that she and her sister were walking in Limestone about 8:30 in the evening, on coming to Green Dragon alley they observed a person standing in angle in the passage. She was in advance of her sister at the time, and just as she came up to the person, who was enveloped in a large cloak, he squirted a quantity of blue flame right in her face, which deprived her of her sight, and so alarmed her that she instantly to the ground, and was so terrified that she continued for several hours. This individual was described as tall, thin, and of gentlemanly appearance, and carried in front of him a small lamp, similar to those used by the police; he did not utter a word, nor did he attempt to lay hands on the young woman, but walked away in an instant.

Not confining himself to the crowded parts of the metropolis, he made the suburbs his hunting place, and terrorized both sides of the Thames to such an extent that but few females would venture out after dark without sufficient escort. He visited Blackheath in a truly novel and marvelous manner. Three ladies were crossing the heath at about six o'clock, when they suddenly came upon a monstrous figure before them, and as the lamps had been lit for some time, they had a good view of it. The monster, they said, had a phosphoric lustre showed around his long ears, but his face and limbs were of a bluish color. One of the ladies fell down in a fit, and the other two had resort to that potent weapon in the female armory, a good scream, which promptly brought a policeman to their assistance, and on his bold advance the apparition threw itself over his head and disappeared on the heath, during which gymnastic performance, it was said, the hooks or springs on his heels were distinctly visible.

In a pamphlet published at the time, we have preserved to us a portrait of the "ghost," as he appeared in this instance, and the representation even, much less the reality, is quite enough to upset the nerves of any ordinary-minded person. He is depicted as clad in all the orthodox details of a Satanic outfit, horns, tail, etc., with fearful claws on both hands and feet, the latter additionally armed with large hooks attached to the heels, whilst his countenance puts any medieval conception of the Evil One quite to the blush. No wonder, then, the ladies are shown as suffering an extremity of terror, with their mouths extended to their utmost capacity, presumably screaming.

In another tract there is another portrait of this man-fiend, its horrors being heightened by being highly colored, and there is represented as appearing in a churchyard to two women. In a third booklet, he appears as in half-armour, with helmets, etc., his nether limbs being clad in a species of fox-hunt costume, a huge cloak adorning his back.

Having alarmed the dwellers on the south side of the Thames, so as nearly to deprive them of their senses, he again crossed the water, and appeared to a party of people near Holloway in the guise of a bear. Here, however, he met with a reception he hardly contemplated, for there being a brick-field handy, the men treated him to a shower of bricks, a mode of treatment which he by no means relished, and which induced him to beat a speedy retreat.

One evening, near Lord Holland's gate at Kensington, a gaunt figure, accounted like Don Quixote and covered with spikes, was seen striding along the road, and, after staring in the faces of some laboring men, disappeared in an instant. These men, it is said, went into a beer shop in the vicinity, and then relating what they had seen, they again went to the place where the figure had appeared, in expectation of its return. However, they did not meet it, but they saw an enormous baboon, playing its antics beneath some trees which overhung the road. As they approached the creature sprang upon the branches and disappeared. Spring-heeled Jack, of course, being credited with this mysterious occurrence.

Hackney was favored with an extraordinary vision of this mystery shaped intruder on the night of the 14th. He appeared, so the story runs, in the shape of a lamp-lighter walking on his head and hands, and carrying his ladder between his feet, to which was suspended a lantern of large dimensions, amply lighted. And the curious creature, on being approached, somersaulted so high, that those who saw it were utterly astonished. But this, surely, rather more than expected the monster ought to be expected to swallow, and the story must have been manufactured to feed the public taste for the marvelous.

Another glimpse of him was had on the road to Woolwich, when a blue flame issued from his mouth, and a girl who witnessed it fell into fits. His dress on this occasion is described as that of a gentleman, with the somewhat startling addition of a wide strip of scarlet down the back of his coat. Being pursued, he sprang over the fences as usual, and was out of sight in an instant. Still lingering in Kent, he was found the following night in Dartford, where he was clad in a bearskin, and amused himself with the mischievous trick of putting out the town gas and leaving the streets in darkness. The ubiquity of the fellow was something wonderful, and tended, of course, very much to enhance his fame. No sooner was he heard of in Kent than he turned up at Hampstead Heath, springing over the furze-bushes, and somersaulting over the gravel-pits.

So numerous were the tales told of Spring-heeled Jack that a good many must be supposed to be true; whilst, on the other hand, great allowance must be made for credulity, some people not be-

ing content with the marvelous as they find it, but being only too happy to add thereto. As a final specimen of the nonsense circulated about his appearance, perhaps the following is the best. A wonderful sight, it is said, was witnessed on Primrose Hill one evening. On the summit appeared the huge figure of a man, in a flame of pale blue; it then assumed the bulk of a massive elephant, then of a wind-mill in full operation, and lastly, in lessening its dimensions, it became a large ball of snow, which rolled down the hill and escaped further notice. What Spring-heeled Jack had to do with this affair is not clear, but it is not at all clear, but it was attributed to him, nevertheless, such was the hold that he had obtained over the public mind.

Whether too much attention was being given to him with a view to his capture, or whether his love of mischief had died out, cannot be told, but certain it is that nothing was known publicly of this singular being, after April, 1838, his long kept London in a fever of excitement and terror for about six months. The foregoing are only a few of the stories, veracious or otherwise, that were related of him, space not permitting any more detailed account to be given.

All the Editor's Fault.

James Payn, in Cornhill Magazine.

A great jewel robbery was committed at the West end under very ingenious circumstances. A gentleman and lady staying at a fashionable hotel had ordered a large quantity of very valuable goods—chiefly diamonds—to be brought to them for inspection. They dragged the chloroformed (I forget which) the jeweler's assistant who brought them, and got clear away with all the swag. It so happened that the whole adventure had been, as it were, prefigured in *Chamber's Journal* twelve months before. A contributor had imagined and written the incident just as it afterward occurred, and the story had so recommended itself to some member of the criminal class that he had put it into practical execution. The jeweler thereupon wrote to the editor of the *Journal* (poor me), charging him, not indeed, with actual complicity in the crime, but as having been accessory to it before the fact. "Under the pretense of elevating my masses," he indignantly observed, "you suggest to them ingenious methods for robbing honest tradesmen." My answer to this gentleman was, I flatter myself, complete. I pointed out to him that if honest tradesmen would only read the respectable periodical I had the honor to edit—a moral duty not neglected, it seemed, even by the lowest classes—they would put themselves on their guard against such catastrophes. My position, against such catastrophes, I sympathized with the offenders, but I have always thought they showed themselves miserably deficient in gratitude in never sending my contributor the least acknowledgment—not even one of the rings of which they had so many—for what he had done for them.

The Parlor Daughter.

A great deal of fault is found with the parlor daughter. It is said of her that she sits at the piano and sings "What is Home Without a Mother?" while the mother in question is toiling over the fire in the basement. No doubt this is true, for the parlor daughter nearly always has a kitchen mother, a good plain, sensible woman, who says "young people will be young people," and takes every burden from her pretty daughter's shapely shoulders to put them on her own, already bowed down with care.

So you see it is often the mother's own fault that there is a parlor daughter. She loves this daughter and wants her to enjoy life while she is young, so she gives her the servant and is happy in so doing. She loves to hear Lottie play on the piano. It seems to her that she could work all day to the accompaniment of "Silver Threads Among the Gold" or "Violets." She has been all her life trying to learn one tune, and has never accomplished it yet. And Lottie is pretty, and has white hands with tapering fingers, and goes to a garden, and has a kitchen mother, a good plain, sensible woman, who says "young people will be young people," and takes every burden from her pretty daughter's shapely shoulders to put them on her own, already bowed down with care.

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An Open Confession.

Clara Bell, in the Standard.

One of the Knickerbocker girls whom I met and liked is to be a bride in October. She is a philosophic little thing. I noticed that her to-be-husband was being slowly, gently, but none the less surely, let down from the heights of shadowy sentiment to the solidities of human actuality. Do you follow me? Let me illustrate my meaning. She waited one night with the infatuated fellow; and on seeing her at my side, he whispered rapturously, "I really think you have wings on your heels, you danced so lightly." "Not a wing," she replied. "The fact is that I had No. 2 shoes on No. 3 feet, and I felt as though I were stumbling around on my ankles. But just how my pet corn stings the numbness of this" she sighed the persistently romantic chap, "then the wings extended invisibly from your shoulders, dear girl." "Well, it's safe to bet," the heavenly seraph responded, "that if any wings are attached to me they are somewhere outside of my corset, for there isn't room for half a breath inside."

What's in a Name.

It was at the baptismal font, and the minister had the baby in his arms. "What is the name?" he asked of the mother. "Josephine Newton." "Josephine E. Newton, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost." "No, no," hurriedly whispered the mother, in great alarm. "Not Josephine E. Newton, Josephine Newton. It's not that kind of a baby."

While the teller of the Bank of Montreal was fishing in the St. Lawrence river a sturgeon four feet eight inches long, and weighing 42 pounds, jumped into his boat. He killed it with an car.

Three Negroes have been arrested at Mansfield, La., charged with attempting to wreck trains on the New Orleans Pacific railroad.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

RATHER TOUGH.

The guests at the boarding house of the Widow Flapjack, on Austin avenue, still continued to grumble at their fare. Yesterday morning Gilboody said at the breakfast table to Mrs. Flapjack: "I notice that you have a vicious-looking dog in the yard. Does he bite?" "Indeed he does." "Will you be kind enough to give him this piece of tenderloin beefsteak, with my compliments? I'd like very much to see him bite it, if you have no objection." —*Texas Siftings.*

ALWAYS CHEAPEST.

Boarder at head of table as a slice of watermelon is placed before him for dessert: "Mrs. Boggs, may I ask you a question?" "Certainly, sir." "May I ask you if there is any difference between the price of a green and a ripe watermelon?" "Yes, sir—about 10 per cent." "In favor of the green, I presume?" "Yes, sir." "And that's—that's—" "That's why I buy the green ones." —*Detroit Free Press.*

HELD DOWN BY A MORTGAGE.

Mrs. A.—Did the contractor say how long it would be before our new cottage would be finished? Mr. A.—It won't take long. It is to be a balloon frame, you know. "A what?" "A balloon frame." "Mercy me! Why, what is to keep it from sailing away in the first storm?" "Don't worry, it will be heavily weighted." "Heavily weighted? Why, what with?" "A mortgage."

SHE WANTED THE BEST.

Clerk—This silk is worth \$3 a yard and is very narrow measure. Here is some nice summer silk at 50 cents a yard.

Kitchen Lady—An' is it in style? "The very height of style. Only yesterday I sold a pattern from this to Mrs. Blank, whom you know is a leader of fashion." "Oh, I know that there woman very well. I lives at her house." "Shall I cut you off some?" "No, indeed. I wouldn't like to be mistaken for her. Give me the \$3 stuff."

THE CHURCH HE ATTENDED.

His wife being too sick to go to church he said he would go and take little three-year-old Daisy, so the latter would not bother her mother. On their return the mother feebly asked the child: "And you were at church, dear. Did you like to hear the singing and the minister preach?" "Deey wasn't no singin' dere." "No singin'? Why, child, how could that be?" "Me doesn't know." "Did the minister preach?" "No. He dis trole papa it was a nice mornin', and then he div him a dlice mornin' in it what papa drinked."

HE WAS TRUTHFUL.

They were in the moonlight, and the solemn witchery of the hour had touched him, but he had not quite reached her. "My dear Miss Annie," he gurgled, "do you know that I love you better than anything else in the world?" "You have often told me so, Mr. Softhead," she answered in a tone of doubt. "And do you believe me?" "Well, I suppose I'll have to. They say, you know, that children and fools tell the truth, and you are no child, Mr. Softhead."

A cloud passed over the moon, and the young man escaped in the darkness, FRUITS OF EXPERIENCE. Edith. Oh, ma! George is going to propose to me. What shall I say? Ma. But are you not rather precipitate? How do you know he is going to propose? Why, last evening he asked me if I would accept an invitation from his mother to go to his house to tea. "Merely a neighborly courtesy, nothing more." "But he said he wanted me to come early in the afternoon." "What for?" "To see how his mother made biscuits." "My daughter, if you value your future peace of mind you will keep away from that young man, and his mother, too. She is too good a cook."

AN APPROPRIATE MOTTO.

Little Nell.—But, mamma, I can't have a picnic without sending invitations, you know. Mamma.—Well, I will write them for you.

Little Nell.—But they have to be printed. Jennie Blanke's ma had her's printed, and there was a 'proprate motto—that's what Jennie called it—in one corner. I can't remember what it was, though.

Mamma.—Well, it would not do to use the same motto, of course. Can't you think of one? Little Nell.—Oh! yes, the verse I had in Sunday-school last week would be just the thing.

Mamma.—Indeed! What was it? Little Nell.—"Go to the ant, thou sluggard."

A LESSON IN ARITHMETIC.

"I wants you to bay me pack dot \$2 I loaned you last Spring. Money is worth twice as much now as it vash den," said Mose Schamburg to Gilboody. "Is that so?" inquired Gilboody, pensively. "Is it really worth twice as much now as when I got that \$2?" "Spartanly! I vash."

"Well, then here is \$1. That makes us even, I believe." The expression on Mose's face was not a studied one, but it was very good nevertheless, particularly when he examined the dollar and exclaimed: "Jeeusalem! is vash counterfeit, by shimmingy grashus!"

IMPOSTERS ALL.

Those Who Pretend to Have Discovered English Estates for American Heirs.

For months past the State Department at Washington has been receiving demands for information of people who claim an interest in the Lawrence and Townley estate, situated in Lancashire, England. The following is a sample letter:

ROSSVILLE, KAN., U. S. A., Aug. 1, 1884. Sir:—As a citizen of the United States who is interested in the Lawrence and Townley estate, situated in and near Manchester, England, I would be under many obligations if you would give me some information on the following point:

Is there a suit pending in the Court of Chancery, instituted by the American heirs to secure possession of the Lawrence and Townley estates? In the article clipped from a *Topeka*, Kan., paper, which I take the liberty of sending you, you will see that the estate is called the Lawrence and Townley estate. The name should be spelled Lawrence instead of Lawrence. My claim to a portion of the state comes through Mary Lawrence, to whom it was willed by her sister Dorothy, as you will see by the article inclosed. An early answer will place me under many obligations.

Very respectfully, ISAAC LARRANCE.

THE HOAX EXPLORED.

The following communication to United States Consul Shaw, of Manchester, explains that the whole story is a gigantic hoax: MANCHESTER, August 14, 1884. To Col. Shaw, U. S. Consul: DEAR SIR—The pretended claim of the Chase, Lawrence, Lawrens or any other family in America to estates in this country is a fraud, with a set of rogues at one end and a set of dupes at the other. The different and conflicting statements you have shown me concerning the Townley estate, said to be wanting heirs, were evidently gotten up by those who had an eye to the penalties provided for obtaining money under false pretenses, for they are so artfully worded that it would be difficult to pin the concoctors down to anything definite. In some way they have obtained just sufficient knowledge of names and localities in this vicinity to give color to their tissue of absurdities where nothing more is known than what these statements contain. But to those at all conversant with the facts they betray more than was intended, for where even so much was known there could hardly fail to be the knowledge that these fables could be nothing more than an attempt to play upon the cupidity and vanity of those who can be easily excited by the notion that they are the rightful heirs to vast riches.

Sometimes I find it is said the Townley estate is in Lancashire, or in Lancashire (Lancashire) sometimes in Durham, and sometimes in Leicester, and the value is set down at the modest sum of £50,000, with £25,000,000 accumulated rents, etc., lodged by the Court of Chancery in the Bank of England. Do the people believe such nonsense, realize what an amount of land is represented by this sum?

A \$50,000 per acre it would represent 1,000,000 of acres. There is about 1,600 square miles, or three-fourths as large a tract as the State of Delaware, one and a quarter larger than the State of Rhode Island, and twice the size of the county of Leicester, in which it is said to be located. There never was any Lord Townley, as pretended; and the only family of note by that name are commoners. They live in Lancashire, and have held large estates in that country for a long time, but there was not a shadow of a doubt as to the ownership down to the death of Col. Townley, a very few years since. In him I believe the male heir run out, and the estate is to be or has been divided among his daughters. But it is useless to follow up the false and ridiculous statements upon which these claims are supposed to rest, for I need only call attention to the laws which govern the ownership of land in this country to show their absurdity. The fundamental misrepresentation that underlies all these claims is stated in the manifesto put forth to catch the dupes who bear the name of Lawrence and Laurens, wherein the property is called the Townley and Lawrence estate. This document says: "From the days of Oliver Cromwell to the present, a period of over three centuries, the estates of persons dying intestate in England, Ireland and Scotland have been accumulating in Chancery awaiting the legal heirs." Now it is impossible for such estates to accumulate, for a simple reason: I have consulted a distinguished barrister, who holds a high official position, and he informs me that two-thirds of the funds of land ripens into a title; that all legal proceedings for land in dispute must be commenced within twenty years, except in some very exceptional cases, and that all actions and claims of every description are absolutely barred after forty years. The simple facts ought to be sufficient for all sensible people. You have already shown that the part of the Bank of England as alleged. On the last inst. there was published in the London *Gazette* a list of all the funds lying dormant in chancery. I have it on good authority that the whole sum is under £1,000,000. No mention is there made of any such sums as are said, in these American claims, to be awaiting heirs. Of course nothing will convince the scamps who live out of their funds, but the statements they manage to have copied by the American press are nothing but a jumble of nonsense; and the idle fellow who bears, or has married a wife who bears, any of the names mentioned, will still find pleasure in going to the "store" and, as he sits on the counter and swings his legs, entertain the company with an account of the property to which he is entitled. But the application of a title common sense to the part of those who are supposed to possess a fair share of that article, would soon make unremunerative this business of getting a power of attorney for looking after imaginary property. Believe me to remain, yours sincerely, PARSONS SHAW.

He Was Too Loving.

Cincinnati Times-Star.

"Judge, I wish you would please keep my husband away from me, he is constantly following me and threatening to kill me," said Mrs. Ault, a pretty little blonde, in the Police Court this morning.

"Oh! Judge, I love that woman, I adore her, and I'm lonesome without her and my sweet little baby," said Ault, and he started off on a strain so full of fainse sentimentalism that the Judge ordered him to halt. "Say, you make me sick," said his Honor. "You big loafer, you beat your wife and then you come up here to deceive me with you loving trash. You go up for three months."

And the gang near the door sweetly whispered to William as he passed, "Farewell, lovely dove."

—There are only four survivors of the Canadian Parliament of forty years ago. They are Sir John Mac Donan, Hon. William Cayley, of Toronto; Hon. J. O. Chauveau, of Montreal, and Mr. Laurin, of Quebec.